

Some time ago The Star printed a story of the pictures in General Miles' room and headquarters of the army. Since that time quite a number have been added to the collection, being some that were in the department, which have been reframed and hung. A large number known as Forbes' war pictures, made about 1867, illustrating scenes of the civil war, now adorn the walls of the rooms devoted to army headquarters. These pictures are old prints and are almost impossible to obtain now, although they were quite plentiful at the time they were published. They are of the sad, warlike and amusing types. The list includes the following, and the titles of many indicate pretty clearly what they are: "Newspapers in Camp," "The Reliable

Contraband" (contraband was the name of the darkies during the war), "The Rear of the Column" (showing many stragglers), "Coffee Boilers" (a camp scene), "An Army Forge," "The Leader of the Herd" (a cel-Forge," "The Leader of the Heru (a cerebrated old mule), "After Dress Parade,"
"The Picket Line," "Home, Sweet Home,"
"A Halt for Twenty Minutes," "The Sup-"A Halt for Twenty Minutes," "The Supply Train," "Trading for Coffee and Tobacco" (Yanks and Johnnies on friendly terms), "Drawing Rations at the Commissary Sergeant's," "A Cavalry Charge," "A Quiet Nibble on the Calvary Skirmish Line," "Coming Into Action," "A Watched Pot Never Boils," "Going Into Bivouac at Night," "Awaiting the Attack, Infantry," "The Halt on the Line of Bat.le," "Through the Wilderness," "The Sanctuary" (showing an aged colored couple praising the Union flag), "The Return From Picket Duty," "The Return From Pleket Duty," ing Into the Lines," "On Picket, ing Day," "Tattoo," "The Distant "Coming Into the Lines," "On Picket, Washing Day," "Tattoo," "The Distant Battle," "A Newspaper Correspondent" (said to be George Alfred Townsend-"Gath"), "Advance on the Cavalry Skirmish Line," "The Lull in the Fight," "A Night March," "Just in Time, Artillery," "A Wasconer's Shanty," "Pontoon Bridges," "A Thirsty Crowd, Newspapers for the Army," "They're Johnnies as Sure as You're Born, Boys," "Fall in for Soup," "Gone Off With the Yankees," "A Scouting Party, Cavalry," "A Flank March Across Country," "A Slave Cabin, Got Any Pies for Sale, Aunty?" "Waiting for Something to "Waiting for Something to Turn Up," "Battle of Vermillion Bayou, April 17, 1863," and "Custer's Charge."

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Occasionally a good story is told by some army officer of the Spanish war. One who was in the city the other day told about a peculiar order that came to him while hewas in command of quite an important point on the Florida coast. He had five batteries of artillery under him, and some of the best modern guns mounted and ready for the defense of an important harbor in case it was attacked by the Spanish. One day an order came directing him to abandon the post and turn all property over to the quartermaster, and an order to the quartermaster directed him to remove the property to some other point. It was quite a task to pack up five batteries of artillery and move at once, while the poor quartermaster would have been busy yet getting those big guns and paraphernalia belonging to the fort away. However, an order was an order, and the officer at once gave directions to make ready for moving. They could not possibly have got away before midnight, and while the work was going on it occurred to the officer that some-thing dreadful must have happened to cause an abandonment of a fort which has question the order, but he concluded send a private telegram to the adjutant general, asking what was up that caused the movement. He soon got a reply back: "You are not ordered away. There is a mistake. Do not say anything about it." Signed "Corbin." It appears that the order sent to this officer was intended for an of-ficer in charge of an unimportant post where there were about a dozen men stationed with a few army stores, which could be utilized to better advantage at another place. Of course the adjutant general did not want the story to get out, as during the war with Spain the report of such a mistake would have caused severe

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In the office of Assistant Secretary Meiklejohn of the War Department is a map which is thoroughly English in its make-up and bears on its face the copyright of the publishers, who are engravers and printers to the queen, Edinborough and London. This map is of the entire world, but it has many separate and enlarged maps showing British possessions in various parts of the world. It is not dated, but has been published since Dawson City became known, as that and other places in the Klondike country are shown. While that portion of British Columbia along the Alaskan boundary is not given in a separate and enlarged form, it is plain | which Adjutant General Corbin receives at enough to show what the map makers believe to be the boundary line. Curious enough, those map makers to her majesty, the queen, give the United States all of Lynn canal and curve the boundary in conformity to the inlets of the Alaskan coast. While this map cannot be considered as one of the official maps, like that of the British admiralty, yet it shows that the men of Great Britain who made it must have believed that there could be no dispute about the boundary line between the British possessions and Alaska. This is another one of the many evidences that keep accumulating to show that the claims of the United States are correct.

The 11th Cavalry is now a fact and no longer a subject of fiction. Many a writer of novels, knowing that there were but ten regiments of cavalry in the United States, has used the term "11th Cavalry" when describing some command, in order to make his story appear more realistic, and at the same time not get caught in describing troops actually in existence. More than that it has been the custom of army officers, when referring to the many "celonels," "majors," "captains," and other officers whose titles are generally selfmade and self-adopted, to say that they are officers of the "11th Cavalry." An officer and a troop of the "11th Cavalry" have always been regarded as myths and the titles to such have been placed in question. It is not believed that the 11th Cav-alry, of which Colonel Luckett is commander, in the Philippines will be any myth, and that it will render good service to the government. Although it is a volunteer organization, its number begins im-mediately after the regulars, which is the same rule adopted in numbering the volun-

teer infantry regiments.

A good story comes up from Cuba about a well-known naval officer. Wherever the United States navy is known Commander Lucien Young is known. Young was one of the men who went to the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors at Samoa after the great cyclone of 1888. He also performed a daring feat off Cape Hatters when the Huron was lost, and was presented with a sword by the state of Maryland as a result of it. He was one of the landing party at Honolulu when the cruiser Boston sent troops there to support Minister Stevens in his recognition of the provisional government which overthrew Queen Lilluokalani in Hawaii. Lucien is a Kentuckian, and as a talker is second only to Joe Blackburn of that state. But to get to the story: It appears that some naval officers wer together down in Havana, and a late arrival wiped his brow, ordered a drink, and remarked that he was completely talked out, as he had been up against the greatest talker in the navy.

I guess you must have struck Lucien

coming as to who is the greatest talker," responded the man who had mentioned Young's name.
"I don't know what your man Young can

"I don't know what your man Young can do," said the newcomer, "but I have \$5 to back my man Smith against him."
"Taken," answered the champion of Lucien Young quickly, and the money was put up in a third man's hands. It was agreed that nothing should be said either to Young or to Smith, but it was arranged that this group of naval officers should bring them together and quietly allow them to get started on some topic. The arrangements were all made. The men casually met. A drink or two was passed around, met. A drink or two was passed around, and some topic introduced with which both Young and Smith were familiar. The others dropped out, leaned back in their chairs and smoked their cigars, while Smith and Young talked against each other over the table. This went on for a matter of two hours, and each apparently doing his level best. Finally, Smith brought his fist down on the table with a bang and said: "Lucien Young, you are the greatest talker in the many. I'll quit you right here." The money was passed over to Young's backer, and the joke explained, amid loud laughter on the part of these was head of the contract. on the part of those who had perpetrated it upon the two talkers.

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The development of trouble in San Domingo, and also some uneasiness in Haiti, recalls some of the experiences of a year ago by newspaper men who were on board the dispatch boats carrying the news from the vicinity of Santiago and filing it at the first cable station they could find. One of those correspondents was telling, the other day, about his experience at Mole St. Nicholas. It will be remembered that the dispatches from the Mole were of various kinds, and some of the greatest disasters which never happened were reported from that station. This correspondent said that when he arrived with his dispatch boat at the Mole he was met by the entire army of would take him to the governor. No, he said he wanted to a to the governor. No, he it?" said, he wanted to go to the cable office as scon as he could. The reply was that there was plenty of time, and that he would first be taken to the governor, and to the gov-ernor he had to go before he could go to the cable office. The army consisted largely of brigadier generals, colonels, majors and captains, in various costumes ranging from epaulets to bare feet. The corre rom epatiets to bare feet. The correspondent, burning with a desire to get his dispatch off, marched along in the procession to the governor's "palace." The "palace" consisted of a story and a half shanty, with two or three rooms. Into this the correspondent and the "army" marched, and awaited the coming of the governor. The governor soon descended from ernor. The governor soon descended from the half story above in all the grandeur he possessed. Epaulets decorated his shoulders, bright yellow sashes, tin medals and various other decorations covered his breast. Around him was gathered the army, some of them in costumes of French grenadiers, with tall pointed caps, or anything else that they could get with color The governor was duly presented to the correspondent and the correspondent to the governor. They shook hands. The corresyondent expressed his gratification at being in a small capacity the representa-tive of one of the great republics and was pleased to meet the representative of another great republic of the western hemisphere. After this exchange of courtesies between the governor and correspondent the correspondent motioned towards the door and one of his servants from the dispatch boat entered and presented the governor with a bottle of whisky and a ham, and the correspondent was then free to go to the cable office and file his dispatch. At dif-ferent ports in Haiti and San Domingo nearly every visitor of any especial promi-nence had similar experiences. * * * * *
Rear Admiral Hichborn, chief constructor

of the navy, and Chief Clerk Peters of the Navy Department are very warm friends. They have recently been exchanging jokes always been regarded as a stronghold and an absolutely safe defense. He did not dare on each other. The rear admiral started e fun. The chief clerk was away down in Maine spending his vacation, and trying to enjoy himself. The admiral was in Washington hard at work. He took it into his head that Peters needed some reading matter, and every day there were sent off re ports of the Secretary of the Navy or some such document, ten or twelve years old. The documents kept getting older and drier and more useless, and the admiral capped the climax by sending a directory of the city of Brooklyn for 1858. When Peters returned to the department and Admira Hichborn went to Atlantic City to spend his vacation, Peters began sending religious tracts and literature to the admiral, with passages marked in pencil giving especial reference to some of the admiral's weak points. A bat h of this literature was gathered up and mailed to the admiral each day dressed in a different handwriting, and such a way as to indicate its importance se that it must be opened, even if it was not all read. Peters declared that Hichborn was more in need of the documents which he has been sending than he (Peters) was of those which the admiral sent to him.

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A disagreeable feature of the occupation of the Philippines is just now being brought home to army officers and their familles. Quite a large portion of the correspondence the present time is from the wives of army officers, asking about arrangements of transportation of officers' families to the is lands, and also inquiring when the embargo against the families of officers, instituted by General Otis, will be withdrawn. Shortly after the occupation of the islands by the United States, quite a number of wives of the officers went to Manila, but finally Gen eral Otis issued an order and had it promul-gated by the War Department here, directing that no more officers' wives should go to the islands, saying that it was an unfit place for women, being unsafe as well as unhealthy. Meanwhile troops were continually being sent to the islands, especially the regulars, who were officered by men most of whom had families, who had accompanied them heretofore to the various garrisons and military posts where they had been stationed. It was vary discontinually been stationed. It was very disappointing to the wives of the officers that they should be compelled to remain at home while their husbands were more than 10,000 miles away. and especially as they were likely to re-main away for a long period. Now efforts are being made to get General Otls to rescind the order, especially about the time the rainy season will close, so that the women can go across the Pacific. They only want the order rescinded, but they al so desire transportation on governmen transports. Nothing is being done in the matter, because General Otis has not ye rescinded his order, and the information which has been received from him is to th which has seen tectived from that is to the effect that as soon as the rainy season is over the officers will be away at the front, where it will be impossible for their wives to go, and he is not inclined to revoke the The occupation of the Philippines if it requires a large number of troops, sure to become unpopular with the of army officers.

Ruined by the Government. From the Atlanta Constitution.

"Yes, sir," said the old mountaineer, "I wuz a man with considerable family connections, but I'm all alone in the worl'

"Well, death must come to all of us-it's only a question of time."
"But it warn't death, sir, or Providence that robbed me of my own; it wuz the gov-ernment, sir—the government! I had seven boys that wuz tryin' to earn a hones' livin' boys that wuz tryin' to earn a hones' livin' makin' 'moonshine' liquor, an' the government swooped down on 'em one dark night an' landed the last one o' 'em in the penitentiary; an' now, from the honorable lofty station of makin' liquor on the sly they've come down to makin' shoes fer a government that can't whip a handful of yaller niggers out in the Philippines!"

"And what are you doing for a living?" "And what are you doing for a living?"

"Oh, I'm a makin' of 'moonshine' liquor!"

In the Near Future. From the Chicago Tribune. "That policeman is wearing a pretty fine medal. What is it for?"
"Conspicuous bravery "Conspicuous bravery in climbing into runaway automobiles and stopping them."

FINALLY STRUCK HIS GAIT ABOUT TATTOO MARKS THEY KNEW THEIR BUSINESS

It was plain to see that the fat-faced man with the short clay pipe and the bent straw hat, on the rear seat of the open car, was anxious to talk. He shifted about nervously in his seat, spat tentatively at marks on the receding pavement several times, and then eyed slantwise the sourlocking, side-whiskered, cold-eyed, primlydressed man alongside him.
"Purty warm, ain't it?" he finally said.

"Um-I don't feel warm," replied the our-looking man The man who wanted to talk dug a penknife into the bowl of his pipe, and began

again: "Cert'nly are puttin' it on that poor Dreyfus man, ain't they?"
"Don't know that they are—probably he deserves all he's got, and more."
It was a somewhat remarkable statement



for a citizen of this country to give vent to, but the fat-faced man who hankered to talk wasn't easily discouraged. "Bum ball team we've got, ain't it?" he

"I am not interested in ball, indifferent or otherwise. The man with the sawed-off pipe didn't say anything more for a while, but when the car gave a jolt rounding a curve he

"I don't know anything about Dublin. Never been there," replied the sour-visaged

men.
The stout-featured man wasn't downed yet, however, and he went on:
"Be great times around here when Dewey gits back to us, won't they?

"I'm sure I don't see why there should be," was the choppy reply. "Dewey just did what he was ordered to do; what it was his duty and business to do, and what he was paid to do. Don't see why any par-ticular fuss should be made over his arrival.

The man with the pipe looked straight ahead for awhile, and then he opened up

again.
"Think they'll put Bryan at the head
of the ticket again?" he inquired.
"Don't know anything about it."

"Even if they do, it looks like a cinch for McKinley, don't it?" "It doesn't bother me, one way or the other."

other."
"Funny game, that little ten-cent Van Wyck boom the Tammany ducks're tryin' to put through in New York, ain't it?"
"New York politics do not interest me."
"Seem t' be shapin' things up some down in Cuba, I s'pose you've noticed?"
"I haven't noticed anything of the sort." The fat-faced man looked to be some-what squelched for a while, but after the car had gone a few squares he opened up

up that cheap gezebu of a blatherskite, Aguinaldo, down there in the Philippines, ain't they?"

The sour-visaged man bridled.
"Blatherskite!" he exclaimed, turning haughtily upon the fat-faced man. "You don't know what you are talking about.
He's the champion of an outraged people. nd you'll find that when the iron heel of popular vote is placed upon the necl the administration that is responsible for this infamous persecution of men strug-gling for their liberty that—" But the fat-faced man had reached his getting-off place. As he clutched the stan-

ed the sour-faced man square in the eye grinned, and asked: "Hey, mister, how are things up around

With which Parthian dart he got off, USES FOR RATTLESNAKE SKINS. Supply is Practically Inexhaustible

Process of Tanning. "Speaking of the uses to which quekinds of leather are nowadays put," said a resident of West Pike, on Pine creek, Pa., to the writer recently, "reminds me of a factory in my town where rattlesnakes' skins are employed quite extensively for making a variety of belts, slippers, gloves, neckties and waistcoats for winter wear. For several years prior to 1897 the firm had been making horse hide gloves and mittens for motormen and railroad men, but in the fall of the year mentioned they began to use rattlesnake skins, for which there was no market. The material was found so pretty and so well adapted for the purpos for which it was utilized that orders for the output of the factory were soon re ceived from every prominent city in the United States. The factory, which I be-lieve is the only one of its kind in the country, is now doing a thriving ods made of this novel kind of leather. "The skins come to the factory salte and with the heads off. Sometimes th rattles are still attached to the tail. The skins are tanned and prepared for use in the factory, where the operation requires thirty days. The curing process removes all the disagreeable odor peculiar to the raw skin and brings out the natural brightness of the black and yellow mottle to per-fection.

"The supply of rattlesnake skins is said The supply of rattlesnake skins is said to be practically inexhaustible. They come from the northern tier of Pennsylvania counties, from the Lake George region, Colorado, Wyoming and Michigan. The skins are worth from 25 cents to \$2 each, according to size, those of the black or male rattler heing the most valuable. The male rattler being the most valuable. The rattles are converted into scarf pins and sold at fancy prices to people who are fond of such curiosities.

NEW JERSEY TOMATO CROP.

Big Enough to Turn Out Fifteen Million Cans There.

"The weather of the present summer been most favorable for the growth of tomatoes in southern New Jersey, where it is estimated that this year's crop will amount to about 850,000 bushels," said the proprietor of a leading packing house in Salem county, N. J., to the writer yesterday. "This season's tomatoes are exceptionally fine in quality, but being very abundant not only in Jersey, but on Long Island and in New York state, the markets are just now pretty well glutted with the vegetable. As a consequence, the farmers are only receiva consequence, the farmers are only receiving from 15 to 20 cents per bushel for their product, or about half what they do get when the vegetable is not so plentiful. Prices might even go lower for tomatoes were it not for the heavy demand that now exists for the vegetable for canning purposes. This demand is caused by the partial failure of such crops as peas and string beans in Jersey and elsewhere. With a beans in Jersey and elsewhere. With a comparatively short supply of peas and beans the Jersey packing house people are anticipating an unusually large call for canned tomatoes between now and next spring, and in their efforts to satisfy this expected demand they are purchasing large quantities of tomatoes. This tends to keep

up the price of the vegetable.

"There are thirty-two canning factories in Salem county and fifteen in Cumberland in Salem county and fifteen in Cumberland county, and these forty-seven concerns have a capacity for turning out 15,000,000 cans of tomatoes annually. This year it is thought that the New Jersey pack will not exceed 12,000,000 cans, which is one-tenth of 126,000,000, the average yearly output of canned tomatoes in the United States."

A Hot Finish

From the New York World. "Whom have we here?" said the king of the Cannibal Islands, as a prisoner in seldier's uniform was dragged before him. "He appears to be a raw recruit," answer-

"If this man Funky said a naval officer, "had invested in a flicker's worth of milk and a small bunch of wooden toothpicks after getting safely was from Washington and had understood how to apply the same to those tattee marks of his, the changes of his approximation would have chances of his apprehension would have been considerably lessened. He probably had never heard of the trick, however. The knowledge of this, the best, method of effacing tattoo marks, used to be confined to the sailormen, but the crooks have got hold of the scheme, and they employ it to excellent advantage in rendering their Bertilloned descriptions, on file in the po-Bertilloned descriptions, on file in the po-lice departments of various cities, more or less doubtful. I newer could understand, anyway, why so many crooks should per-mit themselves to be tattooed in the first place. You'd naturally suppose that a man who embarked upon a career of crime would give the tattooing geniuses the wid-est possible berth, for in the detection and capture of criminals the Bertillon system fades into insignificance in comparison with the tattoo marks of the crooks wanted. No two men, perhaps, in the world are fades into insignificance in comparison with the tattoo marks of the crooks wanted. No two men, perhaps, in the world are tattooed precisely alike, and a criminal's tattooed pictures are just as useful to de-tectives as thumb marks are valuable to

tattooed pictures are just as useful to detectives as thumb marks are valuable to Chinese banking officials in the detection of forgeries on checks. The modern school of crooks appreciate the disadvantages of having themselves tattooed and abstain from the practice. Hundreds of middle-aged crooks, however, had the marks needled into their hides when young and vealy in crime, and before such elaborate descriptions of the persons of criminals were recorded by the police authorities, and I've been told that most of these bitterly repent their tattoo marks.

"The milk-and-toothpick treatment of tattoo marks is the simplest thing in life. All you've got to do is to dip the toothpick in milk and jab away at the bit of tattooing that you want erased. It is a trifle painful, of course. The skin must be broken over all the surface of the tattoo mark, to let the milk into the flesh. The milk absorbs the indelible ink, and when the scab heals the tattoo mark is no longer there. A scar is left, but by no means so bad a scar as is left after a tattoo mark has been treated by the electric needle. Crooks have been known to have other devices tattooed over the scars left by the effacing of previous marks by the milkvices tattooed over the scars left by the effacing of previous marks by the mik-and-toothpick processes. They've done this for the purpose of nullifying the value of their Bertilloned descriptions on file here and there around the country, and there have been cases on record where they've



made it stick, too. For instance, a man supposed to be John Smith, the well-known pickpocket, is arrested in New York on suspicion. He's an old-timer, and perhaps he has remained away from New York so long that the police officials there have forgotten him and cannot positively identify him. So they refer to their files for a description of John Smith's marks. They find that John Smith, according to the filed description, has a blue anchor tattoged on description, has a blue anchor tattooed on his right forearm. John Smith pulls up his right sleeve and shows them that he has no such a thing tattooed on his right forearm. The device there imprinted is a blue-and-red five-pointed star. Detectives tell me that any quantity of John Smiths have got out of quod on showings of this sort.
"I don't think I stand in any immediate danger of being apprehended as a pickpocket or anything like that, and yet I'd prefer not to have the tattoe marks that I had printed on me out in Japan when I was a young man in the service. One grows weary of his tattoo marks. The young offiers of my day nearly all had themselves marked up with the tattooing needle-bunch, just as the bluejackets did, but I think we're all more or less sorry for it. The we're all more or less sorry for it. The sorriest two people I ever knew over tattoo marks were a couple of young women, both of them daughters of one of the most famous admirals of the old navy. They accompanied their father out to the China station, and while in Japan in a solid, station, and while in Japan, in a spirit of mischief, they both had their cheeks tatblushing pink. The job was one by the finest tattooer in the empire of Japan, and it simply made the young women look as if they were blessed with the charming high color of perfect health. Their father, the old admiral, raged and stormed over if, but the job was done, never to be undone. When the two young women grew a bit elderly, still, of course, preserving the peachy color in their cheeks, their women friends, naturally enough, accused them-supposably behind their backs-of using rouge, and I have heard both of them bewail their foolishness in

having that extraordinary bit of tattooing performed on their countenances. There was a funny tattooing incident n board the ship to which I was attached in the Mediterranean station about ter ears ago. The executive officer of ship-of course, you know that the execu-tive officer, or 'first luff,' as the bluejack. ets call him, is, next to the captain, the biggest man aboard a man-o'-war-was perhaps the quietest and most reserved man in the American navy. He had been a good deal of a blade as a young man in the service, but he had sifted down early. and by the time he reached the grade of lieutenant commander the reserve with which he treated all hands, fore and aft, and his evident dislike for men of many words was known throughout the navy. "An ensign was sent out to our ship to replace a young man who had been re-lieved. The new young officer had been the talkiest cadet, perhaps, who ever went through Annapolis, and his penchant for volubility clung to him after he got his uniform. His garrulousness was a bit wearisome, too, particularly as the youth possessed a whole lot of obviously youthful deas, which he liked to spring at the ward room table, and which often involved little hits at the older officers. One day, soon after joining the ship, the young ensign began at the mess room table to dilate on the subject of tattooing. He abnorred tat-tooing, it seemed. He had noticed that a large percentage of our ship's company forward were tattoeed, and it pained him. "It's a barbarous, silly, disgusting practice,' said the young man, 'and there to be a regulation providing for the se-verest punishment to be meted out upon any man, fore or aft, who permits himself to be tattooed. An officer who permits himself to be tattoed olight to be dismissed

he service.'
"Now, that was pretty warm talk, masmuch as most of us at the typle were more or less marked up with the needle, but the or less marked up with the needle, but the older men in the service make allowances for the rawness of the young chaps, and so nothing was said. The executive officer regarded the talkative boy! with a vague smile in his eyes, and them transferred his attention to his plate.

We had a salt water shower bath fixed aft on the main deck wherewith to cool curselves when we turned out in the morning. We'd stand under reaching in short trunks and then go over ourselves with fresh water. On the following morning after the young ensign had basted tattooing so soundly the executive officer walked out under the shower bathein his trunks. The young ensign happened to be the officer of the deck, and it was a study to ob-The young ensign happened to be the officer of the deck, and it was a study to observe how his eyes stuck out when he had one good look at the person of the first luff, his very much superior officer. The executive officer was a giant of six feet two. On his chest he had tattooed an enormous full-rigged ship in blue and red. On his back he had a really fine piece about a foot and a half long and wide that had been done by a Japanese. If represented a Japanese dragon battling with an eagle, in four colors—blue, red, golden brown and green. On his brawny arms from the shoulders almost to his wrists were nicely punctured anchors, boa constrictors, weeping willows, stars, flags and such. The executive officer stood under the shower, looking straight ahead and smiling dreamily. He knew that the ensign was taking him in from behind the engine room hatch. "The quiet humility which characterized that young ensign's demeanor at mess during the severated of the severate mess during the sev that young ensign's demeanor at mess dur-ing the remainder of the cruise was some thing remarkable."

"On my last trip out I attended a party of post office folks in a suburb of a large western city that was a pretty novel affair, all things considered," said a post office inpector. "With your kind permission, I'll just lead up to that party with just a bit of a prologue.

"A young man and a young woman-well, not overly young, now, but young enoughwho had been employed, the man as a clerk and the young woman as a stamp seller in the post office I'm speaking of for the past fifteen years or so, appear to have been something of a standing joke among the other post office employes for about a dozen years of that period. Standing joke, for the reason that for the past twelve years it has been well known all around that the two were what's called going together,' and yet, according to the



best knowledge and belief of all hands, they never appeared to have got to the point of fixing a day and date for the ceremony. emony. The man has been devoted, it seems, to the seller of stamps right along during all that time, placing flowers on her desk in the morning, taking her to the cars under his umbrella on rainy evenings, and all that sort of thing. Then, too, the post office folks, especially the young women employes—the young women seem to have a faculty for getting next, as it were, to these little matters-have been noticing the two it the theaters, at picnics, and at all sorts of proper places of entertainment during all these years. They never saw the man with any other young woman, nor the young woman with any other escort. Yet the years rolled along, and the two never seemed to have made it up between them about the little stand-up before a minister. Neither of these two thought-tobe indeterminate people was immune, of course, from the ageing touch of time, and they went right along getting a bit older in appearance, like all the rest of their fel

in appearance, like all the rest of their fellow-employes.

"They were both guyed a good deal, of course, about their apparently resultless mutual devotion, and they both took the guying good-naturedly.

"Say, for heaven's sake, when is it going to happen, old man?" the man's fellow-employes have been saying to him right along at intervals for years, and he has always grinned sheepishly, told 'em good-naturedly to mind their own little books, and gone ahead with his work. He was promoted right along, being a highgrade man at a desk. grade man at a desk.

"The girls in the office have been gently

poking fun at the girl, too, it seems, for years past about her apparent inability to land her admirer, but she always told them that she wasn't losing any sleep about them that she wasn't losing any sleep about the state of t 'landing' anything or anybody, and she, drew her pay and kept her own counsel. She took a good rest of a couple of months every year or so, and always returned to work with renewed interest and industry. "Well, when I got out to this town the

"Well, when I got out to this town the last itme there was considerable speculative talk around the office about a party to which this young couple had invited all lands in the post office, the party, according to the invitations, to come off at the 'home of some mutual friends' out in one of the suburbs. Just why the two should units it inviting the unite in inviting the whole outfit to a party was something that couldn't be under-

stood.

"The party's just a blind, and they're going to be married at last and take this method of inviting us to the ceremony," was the general verdict

the big crowd of post office people who had been invited to the party. All had to take the same train to reach the suburb at the h ruozpointed. The home of some mutual friends' was only about four minutes' walk from the station. When we all traipsed up the steps of the front porch of as pretty a Queen Anne house, surrounded by a well-kept yard, as I've seen this year, the two who had never 'made up their minds' w waiting for us. They appeared to be pretty much at home, at that, nor were there any 'mutual friends' around that we could see. It was a bit puzzling. What was more uzzling. however, was the presence or the porch of four pretty children-the oldest a girl of about eleven, then a boy of ten, another girl of eight or so, and then a little tad of a boy about four.

The two indeterminate people were smiling all over, and the way they enjoyed the suzzled expressions on the features of their feliow-employes was sure enough a caution. I think several of us 'dropped' at once, but there were others who didn't.

"What lovely children! exclaimed one of the young women who had been foremost in guying her indeterminate sister-employe Whose are they?'
"'Ours,' replied the 'indeterminate' young

woman, looking rather affectionately and smilingly at the man who had been a standing gag for his apparent lack of determination.

Well, I fear that some of the women in the party froze just a trifle then, but the mother of the pretty children waved us all into the parlor, and there, garlanded abou with a lot of flowers, was the marriage certificate framed upon the wali. It showed that the two had been married in th

spring of 1887.
"Well, you ought to have heard the fun.
"'Why, you deceitful thing!' exclaimed
the women, going up and hugging the smiling woman who had, quite 'unbeknownst' to them, been a wife for twelve years "Well, dern your hide for a sly one!' said the men to the husband and father, pounding him on the back until he must

have been sore. 'And you've been having the merry laugh on the whole bunch of us all these years!'

"Well, it seems that they had both been a bit afraid of losing their positions in the post office, when they had first decided to 'double up,' it the information of their marriage, lacked out. There's mathing but the

riage leaked out. There's nothing but an unwritten law against a man and wife being employed in the same government out-fit, but they had decided, anyway, to keep their business to themselves. The wife had intended to resign her position after a couple of years, but when she found that this wouldn't be absolutely necessary, she centinued on in the employ of Uncle Sam, so that on the night of that party the two root only owned their own pretty home, but, as they informed us with quite natural pride, a row of well-rented houses in the city.

onto you folks before resigning my posi-tion tomorrow,' said the wife and mother, amiably, when the supper was about fin-ished, and then she had to kiss all the women all over again. resign her position the next day, and the men in the office have been mauling her husband around ever since for his protracted foxiness.

She Changed Her Mind.

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman:

"Sall, I canna marry thee."
"How's that?" asked she.
"I've changed my mind," said he.
"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folk know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chan; but if they think that I've other chap; but if they think that I've other chap; but if they think that I've given you up, then I can get another chap. So we'll have the banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and tha must say 'I will.' And when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say 'I winna.'"

The day came, and when the minister The day came, and when the minister said: "Wilt thou have this woman to be

thy wedded wife?" the man answered:
"I will." Then the parson said to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" And she said:
"I will."
"Why," said the young man, furiously,
"you said you would say, 'I winna.'"
"I know that," said the young woman,
"but I've changed my mind since."

BY PHILANDER JOHNSON.

Higher Criticiam An owl in a belfry sat one night,

As ow!s are supposed to do, And he warbled his lay with serene delight. "To-whoo!" said the owl; "to-whoo!"

But a wise man happened near by to stray, And his visage was dark with gloom. And he murmured, "Oh, why do you hoot that way?

You ought to have said 'to whom!' "

No Need of Welkins.

The old man was sitting in front of his house on a stump which had been cut with a step, so as to make it do duty as a carriage block. "Through work for the day?" asked the

young man with a golf cap. The old man nodded. "It has been a great year for agricul-

uralists." He inclined his head once more.

"And, of course, you are duly jubilant. You will be in a position to pay off any mortgages which may have been worrying you, and to equip yourself with improved farm machinery. You can buy a plane for the girls and a new carriage for yourself. There's no doubt about it. You people are

right in the swim. It's your turn to make the welkin ring."

The old man looked at him questioningly, and then responded:

and then responded:

"I guess not. The peddlers that come along this road has offered a terrible lot o' new-fangled notions, but they never mentioned welkins. When we want any ringin' done we ain't botherin' about no welkins, anyhow. We're makin' the dinner bell ring reg'lar every day, an' it's a heap o' satisfaction to sit here silent an' reflect that every note of it means business."

A Hot Day Episode. "Have you anything horrible in stock?" asked the young man with the limp collar and the suffused brow as he walked into the lair of the bookseller.

"By any particular author?" "I couldn't specify. To tell you the truth, I ain't literary. But a friend of mine was describing something he read and I have been thinking that maybe books have more ense in 'em than I gave 'em credit for. I forgot the name of it, but anything in that line'll do."

"There are some ghost stories over on that shelf'

"May I read a little in 'em, just to sample the goods?" "Certainly,"

In less than a quarter of an hour he came back to the bookseller. "It'll take too long to find out that way," he said. "I haven't seen anything yet that fills the bill."

"I'm afraid we haven't what you want in "I'll get my friend to give me the title

and then come back. He said it would be something that would freeze the blood in your velns and make your hair stand on end. If I could find something to do that I'd be the most liberal customer you ever sold to. I'm dead tired of having the blood go through my veins like hot water through the pipes of a Turkish bath, and if I could get something that would make my hair the thod of inviting us to the ceremony, as the general verdict.

"I went out on the suburban train with the big crowd of post office people who had except "keep the change."

An Invincible Debater.

There's no one else in all the world Kin talk like Uncle Jim. He's like a cyclone freshly curled An' full o' patriot vim.

The folks flock in from every side, From village an' from farm, To hear the way he "p'ints with pride" Or "views things with alarm."

He'll make you throw your bosom out An' walk like any king; Or else he'll fill your soul with doubt An' bid your hopes take wing. He lets the facts an' figgers slide:

It's oratory's charm

That thrills you when he "p'ints with pride Or "views things with alarm." He's recognized through all the town

A terror in debate. The man who tries to pin him down Is flying ag'in fate. His throat he simply opens wide, An' swings his good right arm

In sweepin' curves an "p'ints with pride" Or "views things with alarm."

Forewarned. "Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, "they's su'thin' I wanter prepare yer mind fur." "They ain't nothin' desprit goin' to happen, is they?" she asked, as she stopped ner churning in the middle of a stroke.

"Nothin' to shed tears or have hysterics over. But sometimes the small disapp'intments of life sort o' eats into the heart an' makes people low spirited an' saps their

constitutions. The best thing to do is to look the future square in the face an' be prepared fur what's comin'. You know Admiral Dewey has said straight up an' down square the said straight up an' down, square out from the shoulder, that he ain't goin' to run fur President. An' when the admiral says anythin' he means it, whether it goes in English or has to be translated into German. Do you foller me, Mandy?

"I'm a-limpin' along, Josiar. But I must say I got over bein' disapp'inted about his not runnin' fur President some time ago." not runnin' fur President some time ago."

"Of course. But in case you ever have occasion to meet the admiral I don't want you to be disapp'inted in him. Women folks has kind o' got in the way of expectin' men folks to be allus bowin' an' scrapin', an' behavin' like life was all one grand, sweet surprise party. When the admiral has shook off the weight of official care there's no tellin' where he may go in search of summer board. He's jes' as liable to light in our neighborhood as not, Mandy, an' you mustn't lay it up agin him if he seems kind o' cold an' forbiddin'."

"I s'pose," she answered pensively, "that if he seems kind o' cold an' forbiddin."

"I s'pose," she answered pensively, "that he kind o' gits in the way o' speakin' short an' quick, tellin' men to man the yard arm, an' run un the spanker boom, an' sech

an' quick, tellin' men to man the yard arm, an' run up the spanker boom, an' sech things, 'cause when he wants anythin' done he wants it in a hurry."

"Tain't that. But gossip gits started terrible easy. An' ef Dewey was to go around shakin' hands permisc'ous, an' kissin' babies, an' complimentin' ladies on their lovelly arcehet work they'd he sure to say he ly crochet work, they'd be sure to say he had gone back on his resolution not to run fur office an' was out tryin' to git votes. I thought I'd warn you in time, Mandy, an' make it all clear. Us men folks has to do a heap o' explaint in this world to keep from gettin' misunderstood."

CHINESE SHOES.

How They Are Made and What They Cost-All the Way From Canton.

A truck load of boxes containing thousands of pairs of thick-soled, white-edged shoes, such as are worn by Chinamen, were recently stacked in the store room of a wholesale dealer in oriental goods in New "Are those shoes made in this country?"

inquired the writer as he looked at a part of the stock displayed to view in an open box.

"No," replied the merchant, "they all come from Canton, where they are made by band. Between 150,000 and 200,000 pairs of such shoes are annually imported by some half dozen wholesale houses, mostly in New York. From this city the shoes are distributed to hundreds of retailers of oriental goods throughout the south, east and west, where they are sold to all classes of Chinamen at from \$1 to \$3 per pair, according to quality and finish. "The methods employed in the manufac-

ture of Chinese shoes are ingenious and interesting. The bottom soles are made of from ten to fifteen layers of very thin leather placed one upon another, making a built-up sole. This sole is stitched through and through in many places on regular lines, giving the bottom of the sole a sort of quilted effect. This work is neatly and trimly done even on the cheapest shoes, and when the sewing is completed a white material resembling plaster is applied to the edges of the sole. When the white edge of the shoe, which is extremely hard, be-comes soiled it can be cleaned and whitened again by rubbing it with a damp cloth. "The top or upper of the Chinese shoe is usually of cloth, silk or satin, and the lining is always of the same material. Velvet is, however, often used on the top, in patterns that are laid over the body of the shoe, which may be of silk or satin in some bright color, while the velvet may be of black, producing a picturesque and strik-ing appearance. Such shoes, when embroid-

In Heroic Attitude.

ered, are only worn by persons of rank and cost from \$5 to \$25.

When Sir John Steell, the noted English sculptor, had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost pa-tience somewhat, and this scene followed: "As I am going to make this statue of your grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields cheering on your men to deeds of valor by word and action?"
"Bah!" said the duke in evident scorn,

"If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me erawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand."

Good Reason for a Change.

From the Chicago Post. "Why did you change milkmen?" "Well, I discovered that the one I am taking milk from now has a nice, clear

spring on his farm, while the other had Verdant.

From the St. Louis Star.

The city girl, who spent her vacation on a farm, imagined she had solved the meaning of "Pasteurized milk." She saw the cows feeding from the pasture.

